

THE Tattler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 16 Sept. 1959



16 September 1959

WHY SEND A SON BACK TO
PREP. SCHOOL?

—LORD KILBRACKEN

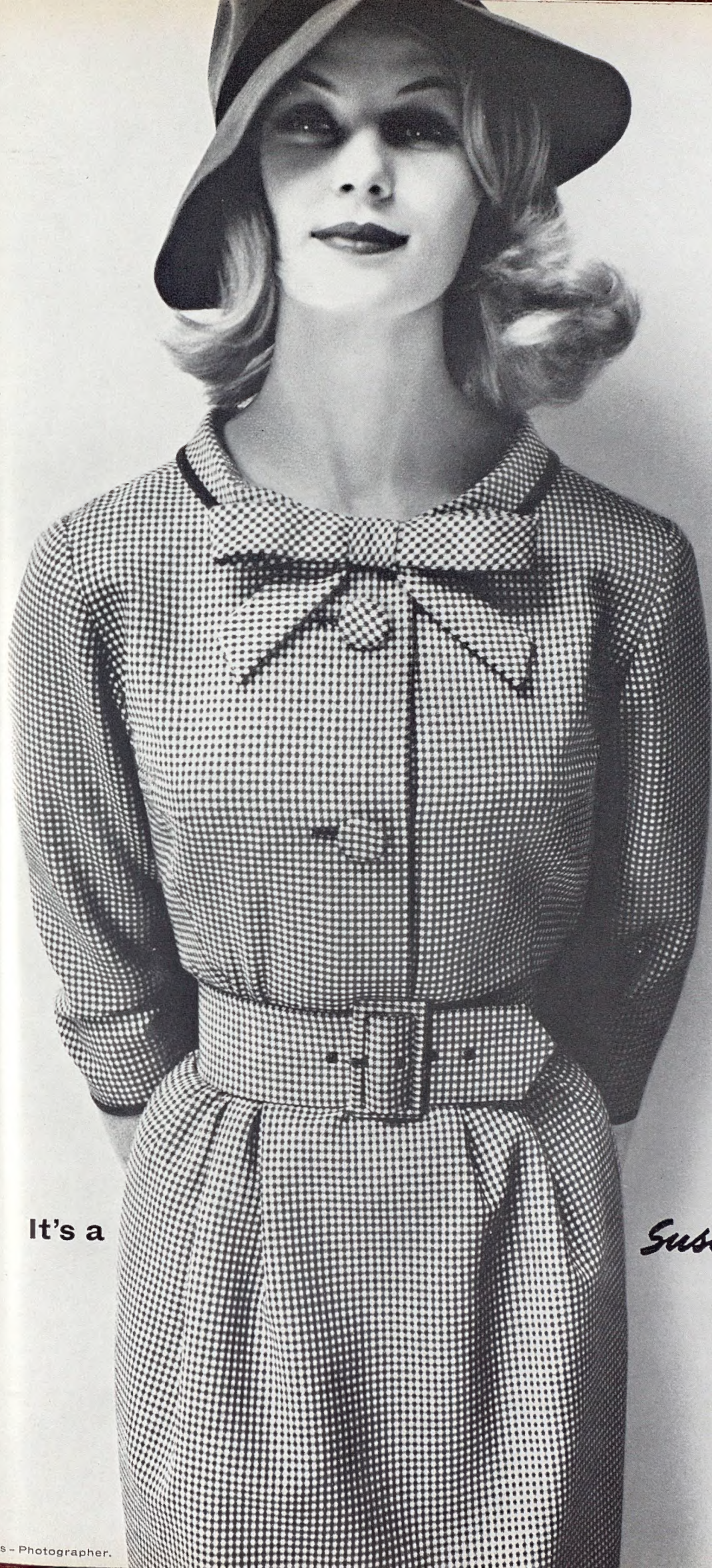
MURIEL BOWEN WRITES
ABOUT GLENEAGLES & THE
HAREWOOD TRIALS

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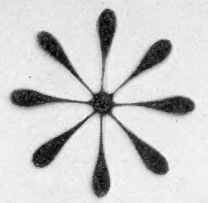
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Vol. CCXXXIII No. 3029

16 September 1959

COVER FEATURE: On pages 222-4 **Lord Kilbracken** expresses strong views about prep schools—he is against them. **Roger Hill**, however, is better disposed towards prep schools, and he offers some practical advice to new parents and new pupils. The cover picture of the departing prep schoolboy was taken by **Norman Eales**.

Who is the most quotable man since **Shakespeare**? The question is put on page 225 and the answer is provided by an entertaining set of pictures on the following pages.

Other features: **Muriel Bowen** writes about the people she met at the Gleneagles Hotel and at the Harewood Horse Trials. . . . **Brodrick Haldane** photographs one of Britain's oldest inhabited castles (pages 241-3). . . . The life of the young man who may be **Spain's next king** is glimpsed on pages 220-1.

NEXT WEEK: The Autumn Fashion Number. . . .

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GOING PLACES

SHOWS SPORTS SPECTACLE

OUT OF DOORS

Battle of Britain Week. To 19 September.

Horse Trials. Tetbury, Glos, 17 September. Durham & Dunster, Somerset, 19 September.

Horse Show. The R.M.A. & Royal Military College Horse Show, Camberley, 19 September.

International Sheepdog Trials. Cardiff, 17-19 September.

Thame Show. 17 September.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden. The Ring cycle. 18, 23, 28 September & 2 October; and 5, 6, 8 & 10 October. Conductor Franz Konwitschny.

Royal Festival Hall. The Newport Jazz Festival, 19 September, 6 p.m. & 8.45 p.m. Friedrich Gulda, Beethoven recital, 20 September, 3 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

"The Merry Widow." London Coliseum (Sadler's Wells Company). 7.30 p.m. (& 2.30 p.m. Saturdays). (TEM 3161.)

ART

"The Romantic Movement," Tate Gallery, Millbank, & Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square. To 27 September. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Tuesdays, Thursdays, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Sundays, 2 to 6 p.m. Admission, 2s. 6d. Tate; 1s. Arts Council.

continued overleaf

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GOING PLACES

continued from page 209

"Masterpieces of Czech Art," Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh. To 20 September.

Modern silver exhibition, arranged by the Goldsmiths' Company, Stoneleigh Abbey, near Warwick. 2.30 to 5.30 p.m. (including Sundays). To 21 September.

Classical MSS. & printed books, British Museum, to 12 October. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sundays, 2.30 to 6 p.m.

FAIRS & FESTIVALS

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton. To 27 September.

Dr. Johnson 250th Anniversary Celebrations, Lichfield, Staffs. 19 September. (See also pages 225 to 229)

Second Dublin International Theatre Festival. To 27 September.

EXHIBITIONS

The Small House Design Exhibition, Building Centre, Store Street, W.C.1. 9.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. To 26 September.

Handicrafts Exhibition, Olympia. To 19 September.

FIRST NIGHTS

Strand Theatre. *From The French*. Tonight.

Royal Court. *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy*. Tomorrow.

Comedy. *Five Finger Exercise*. (New production.) 21 September.

GARDENS

Open Sunday, 20 September, 2-7 p.m. Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex (Shelley's birthplace).

Lillingstone House, near Buckingham.

Cerne Abbey, near Dorchester, Dorset.

Checkendon Court, Oxon (near Reading).

Burford House Gardens, Tenbury Wells, Salop.

Bentley Wood, Halland, Sussex.

PRAISED PLAYS

From Anthony Cookman's reviews. For this week's see page 238.

A Taste Of Honey. "Miss Delaney has a remarkably good ear for the language of the Lancashire back streets... we step from a sublimated music-hall sketch to slow-moving, realistic drama." Avis Bunnage, Frances Cuka, Murray Melvin. (Criterion Theatre, WHI 3216.)

Clown Jewels. "The Crazy Gang... effortlessly embody the spirit of Cockneydom... their fooling has mellowed into a kind of subtlety proper to itself." (Victoria Palace, VIC 1317.)

The Aspern Papers. "... holds the audience from start to finish... an evening of rare and curious pleasures." Michael Redgrave, Beatrix Lehmann, Flora Robson. (Queen's Theatre, REG 1166.)

The Pleasure Of His Company. "... an engagingly bright, sentimental comedy." Coral Browne,

Judith Stott, Nigel Patrick. (Haymarket Theatre, WHI 9832.)

The Hostage. "... roaring extravaganza. Mr. Behan's pretext for surveying past and present Anglo-Irish relations with a laughing impartiality." Howard Goorney, Eileen Kennally, Alfred Lynch. (Wyndham's Theatre, TEM 3028.)

FANCIED FILMS

From Elspeth Grant's reviews. For this week's see page 239.

G.R. = General Release

I'm All Right, Jack. "... swingeing satire... blithe enthusiasm... a biting and hilarious film." Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael, Irene Handl. (G.R.)

Last Train From Gun Hill. "... a well-made Western in which Mr. Kirk Douglas plays a stern-jawed marshal... bent upon bringing to justice the murderer of his Indian wife." Kirk Douglas, Anthony Quinn, Carolyn Jones. (G.R.)

Left, Right & Centre. "Scant respect for the business of by-electioneering... Highly commendable and hilarious." Ian Carmichael, Alistair Sim, Patricia Bredin. (G.R.)

Blind Date. "... Mr. Stanley Baker, a dogged detective inspector... is given a murder case to solve... His performance is in every way excellent." Stanley Baker, Hardy Kruger, Micheline Presle. (G.R.)

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF
Guide to dining out

IN TOWN

C.S. = Closed Sundays

O.S. = Open Sundays

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continued on page 248



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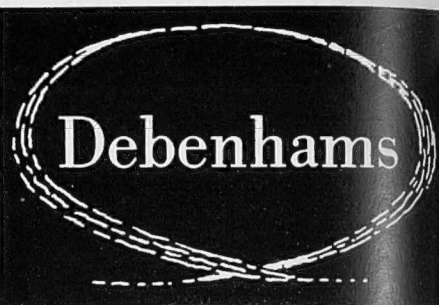


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THE **Tatler**
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16 SEPTEMBER 1959

THE HAREWOOD HORSE TRIALS



A Russian team competed for the first time at this year's Harewood Horse Trials. The team prize was won by the Germans, with Britain second. Harewood House (above), where the trials were held, celebrates its bicentenary this year. The rider in the picture is Capt. Lefrant, of France.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN



The Princess Royal at Harewood with Earl Bathurst. He carried a boater



Mr. J. R. Hindley, director of the Horse Trials, with Miss Jane Pontifex

Mrs. Sheila Waddington fell soon after this picture was taken



Miss Celia Cubitt & her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Guy Cubitt, were spectators



Waiting in the shade for the start of the cross-country the international line-up included, from left, German riders Paul Stecken and Reiner Klimke, Swiss rider Rolf Ruff, and Ian Dudgeon of the Irish team

Muriel Bowen reports the Harewood Horse Trials and the Ball

RIDING in Russia is booming. Members of the Russian Team told me so when I danced with them at the European Horse Trials Ball at Harrogate's Majestic Hotel. The team had come to Yorkshire to compete at Harewood, home of The Princess Royal, where the Trials were held. It was the Russians' first visit to Britain.

"About 35,000 people in the Soviet Union ride regularly for pleasure," the team's trainer, a middle-aged man with twinkling grey eyes, told me. "Many of them just ride, but most of them are anxious to improve, so they do dressage... Moscow, for instance, has five centres specializing in dressage." At Harewood the Russian horses got in front of ours in the dressage section—just by their whiskers admittedly, but that was something they couldn't do as recently as two years ago.

Russia is fairly snowflaked with sports clubs—state-owned and much less luxurious versions of Hurlingham. More and more of these clubs are now keeping horses and hiring them by the hour or the day. "We still breed many horses," the Russians told me, "especially near Rostov-on-Don."

"In Czarist days only those who lived on farms could ride. Now anybody can. Our sports clubs provide instruction all the way to the top. Take Savinov [Mr. V. Savinov came 32nd out of 72 at Harewood]. He's a camera mechanic by profession, he mends cameras, but he is able to improve his riding in his sports club."

Two Army regulars and a riding instructor made up the remainder of the Russian competitors. Why didn't they have any woman competitors? The trainer beamed: "We have several Sheilas in Russia." The Russians had a charming way of referring to all women riders as "Sheilas," a tribute to our champion, Mrs. Sheila Waddington. "They may not be as good as your Sheila, but we didn't bring any of them with us because we're now preparing for the Olympics, in which no women are allowed."

My conversation was interrupted by Russia's crack rider Mr. L. Baklyshkin. "Can you teach me to dance the mambo?" he inquired. I couldn't, but Miss Elaine Bailey took him through it with flying colours.

'NO VODKA, SHERRY ONLY!'

Major Guy Wheeler of the Royal Scots Greys was lent by the War Office as an interpreter, and they had a Spartak footballer as another. Major Wheeler was not only a fluent speaker of Russian, but he had a wonderful way of keeping spirits high—not an easy business when the team trainer was liable to say crisply to his team at parties: "No vodka! Sherry only." The ban was far from popular with the Russian riders.

The ball, which galloped along through most of the night, brought together members of the ten competing teams and visitors to the Trials. The Earl of Harewood was there with his wife, who wore a chic ballet-length dress of bright tangerine with matching shoes. Sitting with them were



Herr Ottokar Pohlmann, captain of the victorious German team, rests with his saddle across his knees

Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Mike Ansell and members of the Bulgarian team including Mr. K. S. Venlov, who, despite a compound fracture of the arm, rode in the jumping next day. "When I fell off I expected to be blooded," he said, "but when I remounted I was cheered." That impressed him enormously. Capt. C. R. D. Beart, 14/20 King's Hussars, was acting as interpreter with the Bulgarians. "I speak them in Yugoslav," he said, "and they talk to me in Bulgarian, but we all get the general idea."

Mr. Leonard Snowden, vice-chairman of the Bramham Moor Hunt, who did much of the organization of the trials, had the visiting teams entertained by various members of the committee. Mrs. Snowden got as many German-speaking young girls as she could muster for the German table. Lieut.-Col. "Babe" Moseley had the French, Mr. & Mrs. George Armitage the Italians, and Brig. & Mrs. Daniel Hunt had the English-speaking Swedes. Mr. David Scott, a young Yorkshire businessman, got together a lively table of young people to entertain the Russians, and Mr. & Mrs. Michael Oldfield brought the Swiss.

At Harewood the weather was hot for the horses, perfect for the spectators. Number plates from all parts of the country indicated the wide interest in our team, which lost the championship to the Germans by 31 of a penalty point after a valiant struggle. The German score was 120.79, and there was a score of 121.10 for our own team of Lieut.-Col. F. W. C. Weldon on Samuel Johnson, Major D. S. Allhusen on Laurien, and Capt. Jeremy

Beale of the 4/7 Royal Dragoon Guards on Fulmer Folly.

Interest was greatest on the second day when riders completed a 19-mile course that included three jumps in a steep, perilous quarry, and jumps in and out of a lake. Miss Shelagh Kesler, 19, finished seventh, and pretty blonde Miss Gillian Morrison was sixteenth. Both said afterwards that they had been "terrified" throughout. Added Gillian (fiancée of Jeremy Beale): "But it's fun to look back on now."

The Princess Royal walked to the Devil's Dyke, stopping-point for many a competitor, while her grandchildren, the Hon. James and the Hon. Jeremy Lascelles, watched from the bonnet of a Land-Rover. The Earl of Halifax, only recently home from hospital, was also in a Land-Rover, which he abandoned now and then to get a closer look at the jumps. "Don't bother with me, watch the horses," he said to a nurse who gave him a helping hand. Others watching: Lady Caroline Somerset, Mr. & Mrs. F. H. Aykroyd, Miss "Rocky" Currer-Briggs, Miss Diana Mason, Col. & Mrs. V. D. S. Williams, and Earl Bathurst, who found it warm enough to wear his boater.

TWO CENTURIES OLD

Before and after the Trials on each of the three days many of the visitors went over the state rooms of Harewood House, which celebrates its bicentenary this year. The special exhibition in the stable block to mark the bicentenary has been attracting visitors in a steady flow, a cause of satisfaction to the estate management. Like most of the great private houses today, Harewood depends to a certain extent on the revenue of visitors. For several years it has been lying fifth in the "Stately Home Stakes," with about 85,000 visitors a year. This year it is expected to top the 100,000 mark.

The evenings were taken up with parties. One of the most interesting, because it brought quite a slice of Yorkshire to meet the overseas visitors, was given by Mr. & Mrs. Reg Hindley in the ball-room of the Majestic Hotel. Mr. Hindley, a Lancastrian whose widespread interests take in textiles, Ayrshires, and a pack of harriers, has been director of the Harewood Horse Trials since their inception seven years ago. Each year they are a bigger and better success, and compliments at the party were numerous.

The Hindleys' guests: Sir Kenneth & the Hon. Lady Parkinson, Mr. David Hindley and Mr. Airlie Hindley, Mrs. Edward Lane-Fox and her daughter Felicity ("I now live in Oxford but my daughter insists that she's coming back to Yorkshire"), the Duke & Duchess of Beaufort (who were staying at Harewood with the Princess Royal), Mr. Jeremy Graham, Master of the Bedale Hunt, & Mrs. Graham, Miss Jan Aykroyd and Sir Harry & Lady Studdy.

For a summing-up of the Trials I talked to Col. Frank Weldon, who helped to win the Gold Medal at the last Olympics. "The Germans will always beat us at dressage," he said, "because they have the benefit of a central training establishment. But we can always beat them—and the Russians—across country. I think our Olympic chances next year jolly good, especially when you consider we didn't have the best possible team in the field at Harewood."



The Earl and Countess of Harewood at the Horse Trials Ball at Harrogate



General Wiebig, director of the German team, with Mrs. Leonard Snowden

Major Guy Wheeler, liaison officer for the Russian team, and Mrs. Wheeler



Dr. D. Gopob, chef d'equipe of the Bulgarian team, with Mrs. Mike Ansell



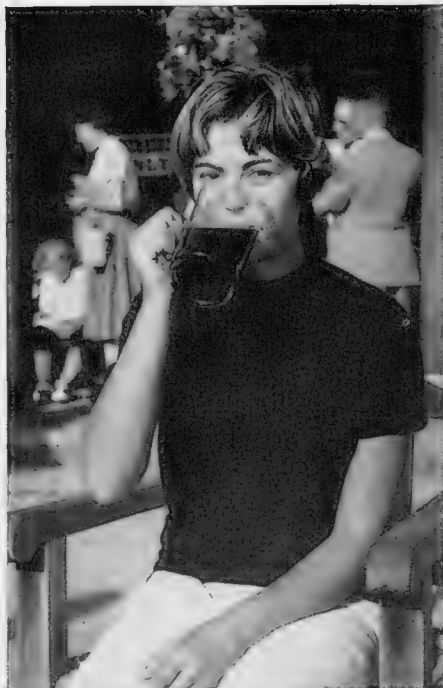
OTTER HUNTERS *seen on the banks of the Tweed near Kelso are members of the Dumfriesshire Otter Hounds, who met at Makerstoun, home of Mrs. J. J. Bell-Irving*

PEOPLE AND PICTURES



R. Clapperton

D. R. Stuart



GOLF GIRLS *at the British Girls' open amateur championships held at Woolton Park, near Nottingham, included losing semi-finalist Mlle. Martine Gajan, from Cannes, with a consolation drink, and new champion Sheila C. Vaughan, 17, of Liverpool, with the 1959 trophy*



PRINCESSES ABROAD *(right) are Princess Alexandra (above) arriving at Toowoomba Town Hall with the city's mayor during the Queensland State centenary celebrations, and Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands leaving Southampton in the new Dutch liner Rotterdam, which was making her maiden voyage to New York*





Lewis Morley

MUSIC-LOVERS went by boat to watch a performance of Handel's *Royal Fireworks Music and Water Music* given by the Goldsbrough Orchestra under Charles Mackerras aboard the houseboat *Astoria*, which was moored on the Thames near Garrick's House above Hampton Court. The programme, marking the composer's bicentenary, helped the Hampton Cottage Hospital extension fund

Muriel Bowen describes some
of the personalities she met at

GLENEAGLES

Hotel, where the Prime Minister's
wife has just been holidaying

THE SUMMIT AND GENERAL ELECTION MEAN no Scottish holiday for the Prime Minister this autumn. But **Lady Dorothy Macmillan** has gone north—and taken her golf clubs. She spent about ten days with the **Duke & Duchess of Portland** in Caithness, then went on to the Isle of Islay, via Gleneagles, where she stopped off for a short weekend and some golf.

Gleneagles Hotel has of course had its usual stream of interesting visitors. I met **Lord Rootes** there. He came over one evening for dinner from his place at Glenalmond. "The shooting has been good this season," he told me. "I've had as good as any in the district and perhaps a little better." He has his two sons, the **Hon. Brian** and the **Hon. Geoffrey Rootes**, shooting with him—also the **Earl of Dudley** and **Mr. Billy Wallace**. Lord Rootes's invitations are always popular. Not only has he an exceptionally well-run shoot, but he is such an interesting person to be with—and if it's cold on the moor during the lunch break, he is very likely to whip his guests into a bit of choral-singing!

Lord Cornwallis, Lord-Lieutenant of Kent, is another who has been joining the guns on Lord Rootes's estate. He and his wife have been at Gleneagles for several weeks. "It's such a charming and restful spot, I don't want to do anything except stay put!" was Lady Cornwallis's summing-up of her visit.

Gleneagles means different things to different people. To me the fascinating things are the rolling moorland and the purple heather . . . the shafts of evening sunlight on great sweeping beds of red and yellow dahlias and flowering shrubs . . . and the drive up from the ferry through Dunfermline, with its sudden and surprising vistas of towering mountains, brown and jagged, as the road rises and falls. "The scenery is so wonderful, so breathtaking!" said **Don Juan**, the Spanish Pretender, after he had gone round the famous Queen's

Course last week with **Major David Butter**.

The course attracts Americans in droves. Professional Jack Maclean told me: "I saw more than 100 Americans drive off from the first tee on two successive days recently." People come incredible distances to play golf at Gleneagles. A stout man in a check windcheater sent a beautifully arched drive down the centre of the fairway. He was **Mr. Francis Brown**, the Hawaiian pineapple magnate—still playing off a six handicap at the age of 67. The **Earl of Derby** was making up a threesome with **Major J. C. T. Mills** and **Mr. Herbert Sheftel**, and **Mrs. Gerard Argles** was practising some shots on her own while her husband had a day's shooting with the **Earl of Ancaster**. **Col. & Mrs. Tony Duncan**, over from Inveraray for the day, wondered whether to have a good lunch or get out on the course before the after-lunch rush. Golf came first.

Still more visitors: **Sir Denys & the Hon. Lady Lowson** ("Our son's going back to Eton always means that we have to leave Scotland before we want to," she told me), **Earl & Countess Fitzwilliam**, **Mr. & Mrs. A. J. Quigg**, **Mr. & Mrs. T. G. Waterlow** and **Sir Derek Greenaway**, who is joint Master of the Old Surrey & Burstow Hunt. **Viscountess Camrose**, in a self-propelled wheel chair, had the biggest parties in the dining-room, as different sections of her large family came and went. Her youngest daughter, the **Hon. Mrs. Macauley**, who lives in Ireland, joined her for a time and so did the **Earl & Countess of Birkenhead** and their family (they've since gone to Biarritz), and the **Hon. Rodney Berry** and his wife.

The fishing fraternity included **Mr. Cowan Dobson**, the portrait painter, and his wife, Gleneagles regulars. They afterwards went on to Skye, where he is painting landscapes. Why landscapes? "Well, the thing is he simply must have a break from faces every so often," Phyllis Dobson explained.



Lord & Lady Cornwallis with their dog Faith



Mr. Francis Brown, an arthritis victim, is allowed to use this runabout on the course



Princess Ruspoli at the 3rd hole. Her father is president of the Roman Club



The Hon. Lady Lowson, wife of the former Lord Mayor of London, with her daughter Melanie



The Earl of Derby. He stopped off on his way home to Lancashire from a shooting holiday

To whom it may concern

BY HENRY CECIL

"I have known Mrs Jones for 12 years. She is honest, hardworking and truthful, and never brakes anything. Noing her as I do, I cannot well say less. (signed) Mrs. A. M. Brown."

Forged references are the easiest part of the problem. Like the one quoted above, they are often obvious, or a little investigation will usually show whether they are genuine. If you choose to act on a reference without assuring yourself of its genuineness what follows is usually your own fault. Incidentally it is not generally known that for a servant to forge a reference in order to obtain employment is a minor offence. It is punishable with only a small fine, and there are few prosecutions today.

The real problem about references is whether to give or refuse one. And, if you give one, in what terms to word it. Suppose you have an employee whose honesty you suspect but against whom you can prove nothing. Things are constantly disappearing and you know that no one else can have taken them. You could call in the police and set a trap. It may be that it is your duty to do so. But most people shrink from it—and it is difficult to blame them. So instead you give proper notice to terminate employment.

Now what is going to happen about a reference? You can of course say: "Don't ask me for a reference" (no one is bound to give one). But you may well be asked why. If in someone else's presence you say: "Because we believe you have been stealing regularly from us," there is nothing to prevent the employee from bringing an action for slander against you. You will doubtless win the action and the employee will be ordered to pay your costs of about £200 at least. But as the employee will be unable to comply you will have to foot the bill yourself.

So take care, if you answer your employee's question, to do so when no one else is present. That way you incur no legal risk—but you are not out of your difficulties yet. For the employee may passionately assert innocence and defy you to make the same statement when a reference is applied for. Now what are you going to do?

In due course a letter comes to you enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply. Do you just ignore it? This will seem extraordinarily rude to the person who asks for a reference. Do you telephone instead? If so, what do you say when asked: "Is X honest?"? If you open by saying you won't give a

reference, what explanation do you give for refusing? Or do you just hang up?

It is almost impossible to say anything honestly to the inquirer which if repeated to the employee could not be capable of meaning, or at least be twisted into meaning, something against the character of the employee. And once you have done that an action may be brought for damages. You will always win such an action if you have said nothing unfair and provided your only object is to refrain from giving an unfair reference. But it will be small comfort to win when you have to pay your solicitor's bill of £200 and know that you will never get a penny back.

Might you not then say to yourself: "If only I'd given a false reference from the start none of this would have happened. I should have been saved worry and expense"?

Maybe you would. But it is far from certain. For your conscience, or whatever you call it, might have given you some nasty moments. You might well have wondered how many teaspoons disappeared from the house where X went to (on your false reference). You might feel a little uncomfortable about that. But there could be worse to come. If X's new employer discovered that X was dishonest, you might be called on to account for your reference. And then, if you admitted the truth, you would be liable to a real action being brought against you, an action for fraud. X's new employer could claim from you any loss suffered as a result of taking X on. And in this action you would not only have to pay your own costs of at least £200, but the new employer's costs as well (amounting to at least the same sum) and possibly heavy damages, too, if X has made away with something of value.

Would you have been better off if you had pretended you believed X was honest? Yes, probably: if you give a false reference and lie about it afterwards, you will get away with it. But even then you are not absolutely safe. The dishonest servant might try to blackmail you by threatening to tell the new employer of your dishonest reference.

Life can be difficult for people who give or refuse references. Fortunately the consequences I have described rarely happen—but they can. You really need a lawyer to advise you at every stage of the proceedings. But then again you will have to pay him—and on such a delicate, difficult matter he may give you the wrong advice!



It's a matter of delicate
balance whether
you give a reference or
whether you don't.

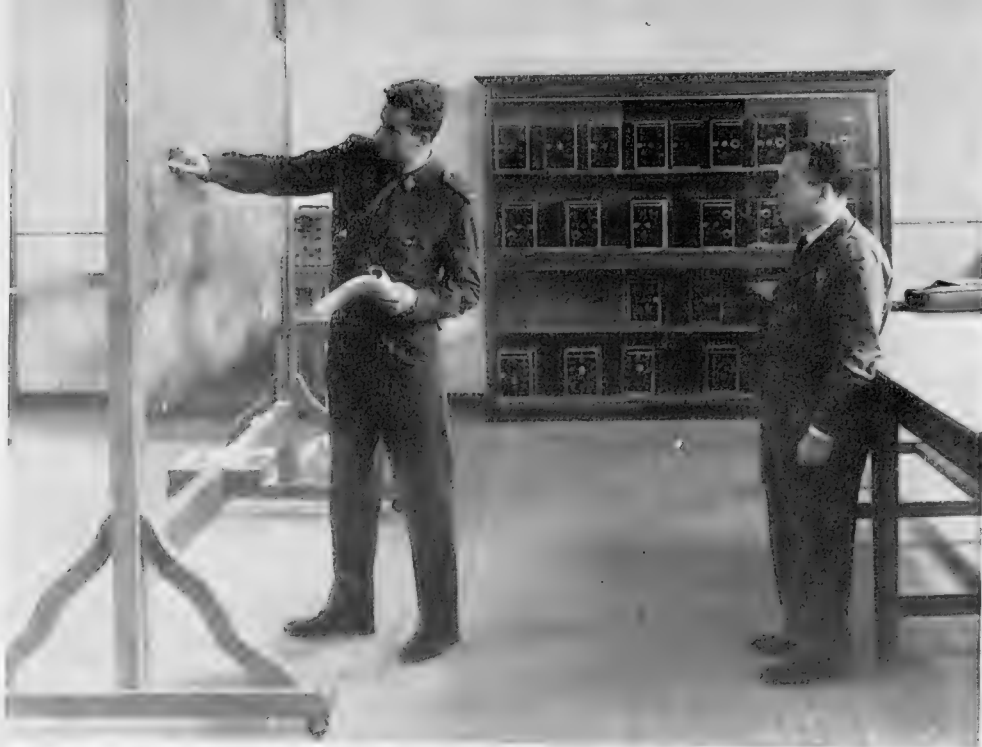
The author of
Brothers in Law
explains what you may
let yourself in for—
either way...

The flying prince

The young man who may be Spain's next king
has been learning to be a pilot. He is
already a trained soldier and a trained sailor



HE IS Don Juan Carlos, son of Spain's Pretender, and his education is following a plan agreed by his father and General Franco, who has designated this 21-year-old to succeed him. He has trained two years at a military academy, one year at a naval academy, and another (portrayed on these pages) at aviation school at San Javier. Later this year he will graduate with the triple ranks of second lieutenant, sub-lieutenant and pilot officer. His student days will not be ended, though. Before Franco considers that he will be qualified to reign, Don Juan Carlos has to put in another two years on law and a third on science



The Prince tackles a problem in electronics during private tuition



Mealtime for the Prince and fellow students in the school's dining hall



Moment of recognition in Alicante where the Prince walks off-duty



At a desk in his dormitory the Prince studies late

Preparing for prep school

ROGER HILL is a keen supporter of the boarding system:

10 QUESTIONS FOR PARENTS SENDING A BOY AWAY

1. Is the school capable of passing your boy into the public school you have chosen?
2. If the school claims a complete success in common entrance, does it drop boys at eleven because they are not showing promise? Or does it concentrate on scholarships at the expense of the normal boy?
3. What punishments are administered for what offences and by whom?
4. How many hours' work does the child do each day, and what games can he play (and are they organized enthusiastically)?
5. Do you like the headmaster's wife and the matron? They will be deputizing a mother on many occasions.
6. Is your child educated up to the standard required by the school? Your idea of an ability to read and write may differ from the headmaster's.
7. What should you send your boy back with: money, clothes, food, a watch, a bicycle, a penknife, books, sports equipment?
8. How often do the boys write home, and are the letters uncensored?
9. Have you met boys from the school? Are they polite, happy and well-fed?
10. Every boy is his mother's darling; take an interest in his career but trust the school.

LORD KILBRACKEN is vehemently opposed to the system:



A returning prep schoolboy gets his bearings at Victoria Station. Photograph by Norman Eales

AN ENGLISH PREP SCHOOL, TO ME, IS A PENAL institution primarily devised for the benefit of parents who cannot be bothered to look after their children themselves.

The well-born and the wealthy tend to view their offspring with the greatest indifference and inhumanity. Under their initial patronage, the prep schools thus inevitably achieve an irresistible snob value, which drives normal parents to send their children, too—against their better instincts and the dictates of their bank balance (which is quickly to become an overdraft).

I cannot believe that any mother who follows her true feelings can be anything but wretched at first dispatching her cherished infant to the tender mercies of the all-male boarding school. Why, every year, are these valid maternal feelings unnaturally suppressed? Her husband may at least feign indifference—"Went through the same mill myself, after all, y'know"—but his smile is forced when he remembers the inroads

that will be made into his pocket in the coming years.

Keeping up with the Joneses, however, and doing the done thing, transcend all else in importance; so off goes little Willy, in his black tie and floods of tears, to have the hell knocked out of him by cretins of all ages.

Such are my first reactions when I think of the thousands of luckless new boys who are about to be packed off, bag and baggage, in their newly-bought striped caps and very expensive suits (not yet paid for), to the exclusive blackboard jungles of Surrey, Kent and Wilts.

Absurdly unprepared, at the age of eight or nine, for the rigours of the outside world, they are on the point of severing connections completely, for the first time in their lives, with all they know and love. The gym, the cold showers, the un-privacy of the dorm, the head's study, "Sergeant" and the grimacing school bully—all eagerly await them.



At a time when railway stations are beginning to fill up with new tuck boxes & trunks and bewildered schoolboys accompanying them, two Tatler contributors address themselves to prep school parents with conflicting advice . . .

He lists practical points for making the best of it

10

POINTS FOR 8-YEAR-OLDS ON LEAVING HOME

1. When you are asked your name, give your surname—not David or Tootles (nick-names will come soon enough).
2. Be sure you can tie your own shoelaces and necktie—there will be no nannie or mummy to do it.
3. Never be afraid to ask where the lavatories are.
4. Even if it's a wrench, leave Teddy at home.
5. Call the masters 'sir', but try to find out their names as well. *Don't* call the gardeners or mistresses 'sir'.
6. If you have an elder brother or cousin at the school don't show any form of attachment to them. It would only embarrass them, for they are senior, important and remote, and known as Simpson Major or Simpson One.
7. Never tell stories or lies about other boys.
8. Do what the other boys do on the first morning.
9. Learn to tell the time and to understand the mysteries of alarm bells and gongs.
10. Remember that Dad went through it all too, and now he feels quite sentimental about it.

He says the place for young children is at home

Perhaps there resides in some of them, though perhaps not yet plainly visible, a spark of sensitivity, originality, artistic ability. One short term, and it will be certainly, relentlessly extinguished.

For the next four or five years, a grotesque amount of useless knowledge will be crammed at great expense into the highly receptive brain of the unfortunate victim. ("Alas, how careless of his doom!") The prep school boy knows the principal parts of *fero* but cannot tell you who is Prime Minister of India. He knows all about the Wars of the Roses, but has never heard of Dunkirk. He has made the acquaintance of Pythagoras, but cannot begin to calculate the acreage of a field of wheat.

In a million French lessons (from masters who can rarely speak French) he learns less than he would pick up in three months in France. He knows the plural of *hibou* and the imperfect subjunctive of *cueillir*, but he cannot pronounce

either word even vaguely correctly—nor order a cup of coffee in French, nor ask his way to the Louvre. (What would he want with the Louvre, anyway?)

Taking them as a race, the masters, I suppose, are more to be pitied than condemned. No one would teach in a prep school who is clever enough to teach anywhere else. "He seems unable to learn," was the report on me by one of them. To which my father responded: "You seem unable to teach."

As well as providing useless knowledge, the function of a prep school is to instil in its inmates precisely the wrong values. A useful start is made in nurturing the fallacy—which will be carefully sustained for the next 10 or 15 years—that athletic prowess is more important than intellectual ability. Many thousands of hours are expended on the art of kicking or hitting balls of all shapes and sizes in the appropriate directions. A mysterious divinity known as the Team Spirit

*continued
overleaf*

is also religiously worshipped. The purpose of this is to remove any last traces of individuality that may unfortunately remain. Through it, a boy learns never to act on his own, only as one of a group. Often it proves impossible to shake off this pernicious doctrine on emerging into the adult world.

It may be asked why a preparatory school is so called; for what, precisely, does it *prepare* a boy? The answer is that it prepares him for his public school, where things will be the same, only more so. It is left to the universities to attempt to repair the damage of a decade, and to teach the unfortunate end-product to unlearn all his precious knowledge and think for himself.

Few parents would put up with all this if they were fully aware of the subtle and gradual changes that are being wrought on their children. True, for the first term or two, little Willy is openly in tears when they leave him; he may even implore them to take him away. But then a change takes place: Willy's tears are dry, he accepts school existence, and his life is happily dominated by cricket, TV heroes, and Manchester United.

The relieved parents do not realize that he no longer weeps because he has forgotten how. He has been forced to conform and to accept; he has already been turned into just another of the uniform figures on the football ground. The prep school has done its job.

Until the age of 12 or 14, a child (in my opinion, anyway) principally belongs at home. He requires the evening influence and comfort of his parents, and he needs to build up some first feelings of personal security in an environment he knows and loves before being grass-orphaned into the impersonality of a loveless institution.

If go away he must, there might be some hope if his instructors possessed proper qualifications in personality and character, and took up their profession as a vocation of transcendent value and importance.

The Social Alphabet **L** for

Little Man around the corner

Among the less exotic social fauna

Is an animal that's getting pretty rare:

He's the Little Man from just around the corner,

Who will decorate, embellish and repair.

He can shrink the bed, or make the arras stronger,

He will gild the bath, and gingerbread the floor—

Though perhaps you'll find he takes a Little Long r,

And he may be thought to charge a Little More.

In his Little Shop he sits among the shavings,

With his dear old rimless spectacles agleam—

For the grind and clank of life he has no craving

He's so courteous that one could nearly scream

But it *is* the merest bit exasperating

(Though, of course, one must respect his Little Wares)

That in estimates he's always understating

By pounds and pounds and days and days and days.

It's inevitably—shall we say—unnerving

To meet a man so wholly self-denied,

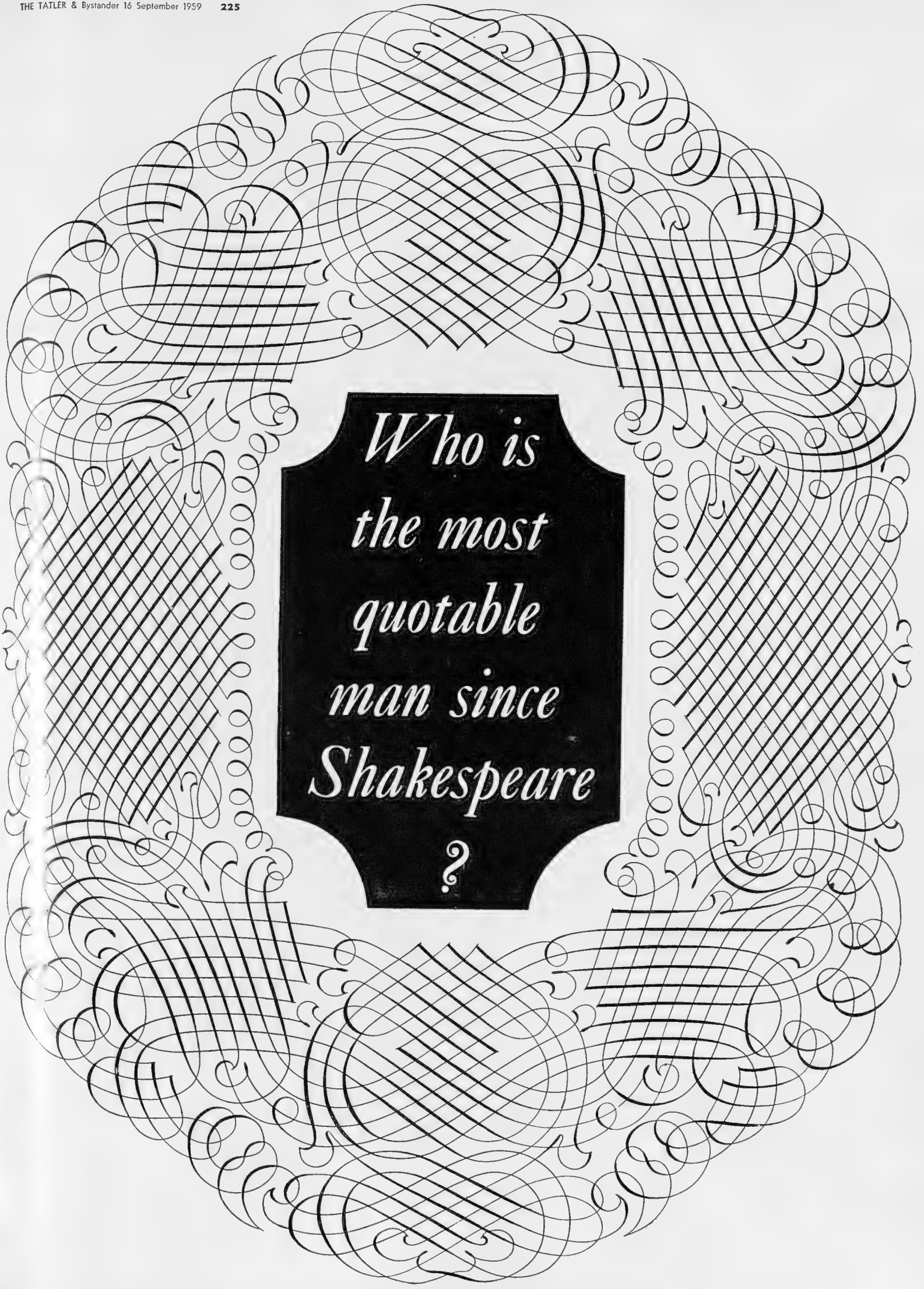
So one's comforted a trifle when observing

That his Tiny Cadillac is parked outside.

Francis Kinsman

BRIGGS by Graham





*Who is
the most
quotable
man since
Shakespeare
?*

*Who is the most quotable
man since Shakespeare?*



*'Promise, large
promise, is the soul of an
advertisement'*



*'A man ought to read just as
inclination leads him; for what he
reads as a task will do him little good'*



*'What cannot
be repaired should not be
regretted'*



*'Slow rises
Worth, by Poverty
depress'd'*

'I am willing to love all mankind except an American'



*The most
quotable
man since
Shakespeare*

CONTINUED



'We would all be idle if we could'



*'A fellow will hack half
a year at a block of
marble to make some-
thing in stone that
hardly resembles a man'*



*'Pray, Sir, have you
ever seen Brentford?'*



'When two Englishmen meet, their first talk is of the weather'

*Dr. Samuel Johnson
was born 250 years ago
next Friday*



PASSPORT

Autumn in Portugal

by DOONE BEAL

April In Portugal is a pretty song, but its sentiments make the Portuguese laugh. If you want your sky true, blue and high, plus sun that still has power to tan, leave Portugal in its cloudy, windy April to the locals and head there, instead, in October or even November.

Portugal's boom graph as tourist territory is marked by a number of new hotels built in the last 18 months. In Lisbon there is the Mondial, whose top-floor restaurant overlooks old Lisbon's crooked streets and their aquamarine counterpart in the river Tagus, and the Flamingo, a new second class hotel in the residential district (close to the Avenida) whose every room has a private bath, and where the price of a double room is only 135 to 195 escudos without food (the escudo being 80 to the £1.) In Estoril, there is the new Cibra Hotel (double room without food from 210 escudos), and at Guincho, a rolling strip of Atlantic beach about 15 minutes drive from Estoril, a hotel has been built inside an old fortress, hyper-luxurious in a faintly monastic way, and the same price as the Cibra. Finally, in the old fishing village of Cascais, still redolent of the iodine and fish scales from the fishermen's nets, yet another hotel is on its way up—much to the dismay of a swathe of devoted admirers, who prefer grand hotels and their clientele to keep properly within the bounds of Estoril itself, with its pretty women, jewel-collared poodles, casino and dry-martini beach life. However many new hotels may be built, of course, nothing will ever quite eclipse the old Palace Hotel in Estoril, still the most aristocratic and traditional of all. Portugal has become since the war the



The beach at Estoril—sophistication and dry martinis

promised land of every other sprig of exiled European royalty, and the bar of the Palace affords quite an animated pageant of recent history.

Additionally, I can think of few places which combine such a variety of mood and landscape within a 15-mile radius as Estoril does. Less than half an hour in one direction is Lisbon, urban and sparkling (although, even now, the only women you see sitting outside the cafés in the evening are tourists). For dancing, you could go to the Alvalade Restaurant; if you want to go native and listen to the monotonous but compelling Fados, visit the Nau Catrineta, in the Alfama quarter; and for sheer atmosphere and a quite magical view of the melting lights of the city from across the river, try the Floresta, a fish restaurant whose hall and steep stairway is paved entirely with shells.

Sophisticated beach life is, as I indicated, right on the doorstep for you in Estoril itself. For something wilder, drive along the coast through Cascais to Guincho where the Atlantic rollers can knock you backwards and you can reckon on at least 500 yards of beach to yourself. Here, apart from the new hotel, are a number of more or less beach-hut restaurants serving excellent fish lunches complete with wine (try the Mateus, a *pétillant rosé*) for under £1.

Completely different again is the inland territory northwest of Estoril, through marzipan-coloured villages to Sintra. Here, in the palace where Byron is said to have written part of *Childe Harold*, all is misty, melancholy beauty, with climbing plants of eglantine and wistaria and camellias running riot. Nearby at Seteais is another palace, converted most beautifully into a hotel, with all the state rooms left as they were. From its terraces there is a high, rolling view over the blue hills, pine and palm trees towards the sea. If you don't object to a degree of solitude, this would be a good place to stay.

A recent concession to tourists is the availability of self-drive cars for hire. Several garages in Estoril can lay them on for you, at about 30s. a day plus 4d. a mile. In my view this is worthwhile, but even if you are strictly a stay-putter you'd find it hard to be bored in Estoril. Apart from its beach and casino life, it has one of Europe's most lovely golf courses where, even in the rough, you are so knee-deep in mimosa as not to care.

B.E.A. and T.A.P. both fly there, £60 12s. return.

FOR TRAVELLERS *Greenford Chemicals Ltd.* have produced a new pack called Medikit. Four tubes contain remedies for minor ills from headaches to stomach upsets. It comes in a small lightweight plastic wallet from chemists and leading stores price: 5s. 9d.



Van Hallan



NEEDLE MATCH

Britain takes
up the jersey
challenge

For 10 years most jersey knit, like the French one above, was imported. Now the picture has changed with the installation by British makers of Continental machinery and a complete revision of styling. On the following pages a balance is struck between the foreign and home products (the photographs were taken at Goodwood). Jacket and skirt of the French contender are in tobacco-coloured wool jersey, the beige acetate jersey blouse has a high round neck with tie ends. By Garlaine, price: 19 gns. at Lucia, Old Brompton Road; Peter Jones; Madame Wright, Cheltenham. Henry Heath leather beret, 3 gns., at Derry & Toms

PHOTOGRAPHS

BY MICHEL

MOLINARE



From Switzerland—a pepper and salt checked jersey suit rimmed with brown braid. The longish jacket with sloping revers buttons low over a straight skirt (closely knit jersey keeps its good looks through endless wearings and cleanings). Imported by Swyzerli, 25 gns., at Marshall & Snelgrove, London; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Copland & Lye, Glasgow. Accessories for onlooking at Goodwood are a tall hat in furry moss green, 56s. 9d., by Henry Heath at Gorrings and deep brown washable leather gloves by Pittards

From Italy—a suit in 3 parts (*opposite page*). The jacket and skirt are knitted in a cocoa-coloured horizontal herringbone design with the cool contrast of cream. The headscarf printed with galloping horses comes from Jacqmar. Minus the jacket (right) it shows on-play possibilities with the small sleeved cream blouse edged in brown. Worn with Saxone's tan calf golfing shoes. Gleneagles, price 89s. 11d. Knitted in Italy for Rima Casuals, the suit costs 21 gns. at Hunts, New Bond Street; D'Arcy's, Chichester; Bon Marché, Liverpool

NEEDLE MATCH

continued



Silk and wool are knitted together by Jerseycraft for the fabric of a narrow-fitting dress in black and white by London Town, with a black belt slotted through at waist-height. Price: 12½ gns. at Harrods; Dalys, Glasgow; County Clothes, Cheltenham. Henry Heath's high stone felt hat with an olive green petersham band costs 56s. 9d. at Derry & Toms

NEEDLE MATCH

continued



Dark grey jersey makes a slender dress (*opposite*) by Swyzerli; with a high V-neck and slotted waist. A Swiss import, £19 2s. 6d. from Jenner's, Edinburgh. Jacquemar's pure silk polka dotted scarf softens the neckline. Black leather gloves by Pittards. Henry Heath's Garbo-style soft green felt hat costs 45s. at Gorrings



Couturier design is evident in a jersey suit by Ronald Paterson for Holyrood. Anthracite grey is the colour and the design is simple with a slightly longer jacket, a slender skirt. 8 gns. at Debenham & Freebody; Bon Marché, Liverpool; Claydons, Bradford. Mauve felt hat by Henry Heath, 53s. 6d. at Gorrings



NEEDLE MATCH

continued

Checks for a jumper suit (*right*) in mauve and stone jersey. The cropped, fringed top fits over a narrow skirt. A Lombardi model by Wolsey, 8 gns. at Swan & Edgar; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; Fenwick, Newcastle. The mauve Henry Heath felt cloche costs 49s. 9d. at Derry & Toms



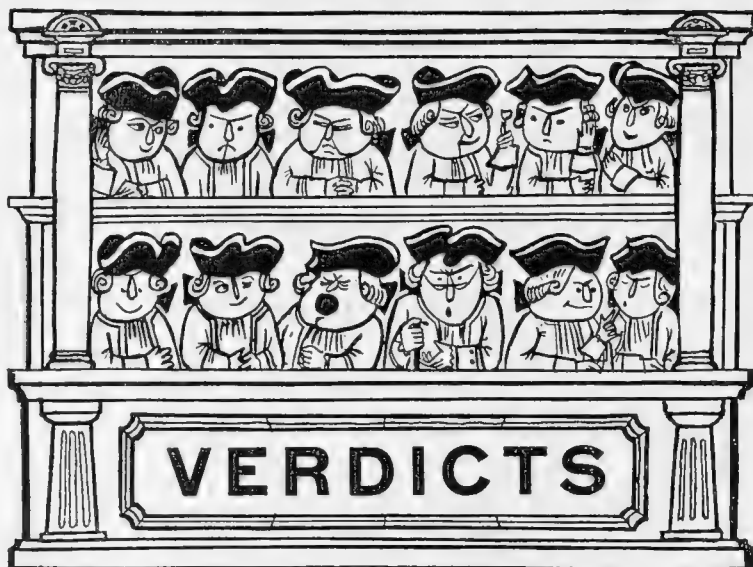
Prototype from England where palest blue Viyella is making casual cardigan suits like this one (*above*) by How Sportswear. The straight-up-and-down look starts with an easy fitting cardigan and ends with a narrow ribbed skirt. 8 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, London. Blue silk scarf by Jacqmar, 49s. 11d.

Solid brown heavy knitted jersey is used for a country-minded topcoat with a skirt and lining in brown and cream houndstooth check. The silk scarf by Jacqmar with a galloping horse design, 49s. 11d. Coat & skirt by Dereta, 17 gns. at D. H. Evans; County Clothes, Cheltenham; Cresta, Welwyn Garden City





Black braid rims the neck and cuffs of a straight black and white jacquard weave jersey dress, belted in soft black kid. The Henry Heath hat in brown felt has a black braid band, costs 53s. 6d. at Derry & Toms. Susan Small dress, 12½ gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, London; Brown's, Chester; Vogue, Cambridge. Championship winner and holder of the lowest handicap at the Goodwood Club is F/Lt. Kim Hall (above)



The play **THE DOUBLE-DEALER**
(Donald Houston, Miles Malleon, Maggie Smith, John Justin, Ursula Jeans).
The Old Vic.

The films **THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE**
(Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier, Janette Scott, Harry Andrews).
Director Guy Hamilton.
THE WORLD, THE FLESH & THE DEVIL
(Harry Belafonte, Inger Stevens, Mel Ferrer).
Director Ranald MacDougall.
ASSAULT IN BROAD DAYLIGHT
(Heinz Ruhmann, Michel Simon, Roger Livesey, Gert Froebe). Director Ladislao Vajda.
("X" Certificate.)
CARRY ON TEACHER
(Kenneth Connor, Charles Hawtrey, Ted Ray, Joan Sims, Leslie Phillips). Director Gerald Thomas.

PORT OF CALL
(Nine-Christine Jonsson, Bengt Eklund).
Director Ingmar Bergman. ("X" Certificate.)
The records **SONGS FOR SWINGERS** by Buck Clayton
WITH THE BIG BRASS by Jimmy Rushing
NEW MATERIAL IN NEW TEMPI by Dave Brubeck
CONCERT À BRUXELLES by Sidney Bechet
EAST COASTING by Charlie Mingus
SOUNDS OF JAZZ by Ray Bryant
YOUNG MAN MOSE by Mose Allison

The books **I KNOW THE FACE BUT—**
by Peter Bull (Peter Davies, 16s.)
SORROWS, PASSIONS & ALARMS
by James Kirkup (Collins, 15s.)
SHADOW OF GUILT
by Patrick Quentin (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.)
GATE TO THE SEA
by Bryher (Collins, 12s. 6d.)
PENGUIN BOOK OF FRENCH VERSE (5s.)



The Old Vic to the rescue

ON A WET DAY IN THE COUNTRY Sainte-Beuve, speaking for a race of passionate readers, cried, "Let us read *all* Mme. de Sevigné." It is high time, cries the Old Vic, that the Waterloo Road learned to take *all* Congreve—at any rate, all his comedies, for as to *The Mourning Druids*, his one venture into tragedy, probably the final word was said by Dr. Johnson who, speaking for a race of literary amateurs, confessed, "I would rather praise it than read it."

The Old Vic's enthusiasm for *The Double-Dealer* is pretty sure to find a ready echo in the Waterloo Road. While not a patch on *The Way of the World*, *Love For Love* or even on *The Old Bachelor*, it has too many brilliantly entertaining scenes to deserve a neglect that has lasted for nearly half a century. These scenes, it may be said, are already known through many other similar scenes scattered through Restoration comedy—foolish old men making it all too easy for their restless wives to deceive them with lively young gallants, and so on. The difference is that the characters in this comedy have the inestimable advantage of speaking a dialogue which in its easy volubility and exquisite precision is unlike the dialogue of any other Restoration playwright.

Its verbal wit makes a delightful impression of sure suddenness, and on the intrigue, sordid as it may be, there is the shimmer of poetry which comes about when language is lifting realistic matter to a higher plane of glitteringly comic life.

Why, then, should the play have been received coolly by Congreve's contemporaries, and though launched down the years with the impetus of Dryden's extravagant but moving eulogy of the younger man, have attracted little attention even in this age of revivals? The fault lies, I think, not in the dialogue but in the characterization.

In Congreve's other comedies the characters are real enough but they are kept strictly within a convention which allows us to laugh at the things they do without bothering our heads about what would be the natural consequences of such reckless behaviour. If that were not so the busy seducers would appear pests, their victims would be pitiful, and the senile fools would

be great bores. Most of the characters in this comedy are safely confined within this convention, but one of them—Lady Touchwood—is outside it.

The violence of her illicit passions and jealousy rather spoils the frivolous pattern of the piece. She is a woman of feeling and belongs rather to tragi-comedy than to artificial comedy, for her feelings are presented in such a way that we can neither laugh at them with any comfort nor regard them with pity.

Luckily Miss Ursula Jeans handles Lady Touchwood with a delicacy which somehow puts what is evil in the woman under a comic light. And the true lovers are pitched on a note of sentimentousness that affects us in a lesser degree as also slightly out of key among the Buses and Froths and Plyants. But they too are played with a nice discretion by Mr. John Justin and Miss Judi Dench.

These are the defects of this particular comedy, but there remains plenty to amuse us in the scenes that are nothing if not artificial. Mr. Donald Houston has comparatively straightforward work to do as the double-dealer himself. He carries it through admirably. He presents Maskwell as just the sort of man to convince himself that he has come by the first scheme in the world, one which involves him in betraying a mistress and a friend into each other's hands, thus ridding himself of an incubus, marrying by stratagem a girl affianced to his friend, and winning himself a handsome fortune all within the same few hours. Mr. Miles Malleon has a part exactly to his taste as the senile idiot who is so free with his domestic confidences that he is shamelessly taken advantage of by his wife; and as the wife Miss Maggie Smith is splendid alike in her easy abandonment and in her swift recoveries when an unexpected step is heard outside the door. And the piece echoes with unexpected footsteps.

Mr. Desmond Heeley's charming scenery helps us to overlook Mr. Michael Benthall's philosophic acceptance of an assortment of individual acting styles in the kind of play that is more dependent than almost any other on perfect unity of style.



The gay Restoration comedy *The Double-Dealer*, which opened at the Edinburgh Festival, is now at the Old Vic. Left: Miles Malleon & Maggie Smith as Lord & Lady Plyant. Right: Donald Houston as the double-dealer Maskwell, and Ursula Jeans as the off-key Lady Touchwood



CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

When Shaw wrote an Eastern

IN AN EXUBERANT SPIRIT OF "CUT the cackle and come to the hosses," scriptwriters Messrs. John Dighton and Roland Kibbee have made over the late Mr. G. B. Shaw's discursive play, *The Devil's Disciple*, into what is known as "an action picture." There is not much subtlety of character left and Mr. Shaw's wry reflections upon warriors, Puritans, lovers and heroes have largely gone by the board: what remains is a brisk account of how Mr. Kirk Douglas, in the title rôle, and Mr. Burt Lancaster, as a Wesleyan pastor, contributed to the defeat of the British when the American colonies were struggling for independence, in 1777.

Mr. Douglas, impartially grinning defiance at the Redcoats, religion and respectability, yet donning the pastor's cloth and risking his own neck to save the good man from the gallows, is in fine, agile, extrovert form. And, once he has decided that pacifism doesn't pay, Mr. Lancaster, too, has a splendid chance to demonstrate strength and ingenuity—fighting off armed troops with his bare hands and blowing up an ammunition dump with a well-aimed blazing log.

The two Americans swash and buckle to the top of their bent and it is undeniably their side that wins the war—but all the same, it is Sir Laurence Olivier as the British General Burgoyne who walks away with the acting honours. His dark eyes glinting malice, his mouth curved in a mocking half-smile, he speaks the Shavian lines as if they

sprang spontaneously from his witty mind. It is a beautifully suave and assured performance—highly entertaining. Poor little Miss Janette Scott, who plays the pastor's wife, seems to have been quite overcome by the distinction of her co-stars—or something: it would be almost impossible for anybody to guess from her performance here that as a child star she once showed talent.

In *The World, The Flesh & The Devil*, Mr. Harry Belafonte, as a miner, spends five days trapped underground, fights his way out and finds that during his imprisonment the worst has happened: a cloud of radio-active dust, no doubt kicked up by some irresponsible old scientist, appears to have wiped all life from the face of the earth. It is all very eerie as Mr. Belafonte plunges through the empty, echoing chasms of New York's streets—but obviously he's not going to be alone for long, so you won't be as surprised as he is when he meets Miss Inger Stevens.

You may, however, wonder why he has to cling so tenaciously to the colour bar. Since he does, it may strike you as absurd that Mr. Mel Ferrer, a white man whom they rescue from the sea, should feel it absolutely essential that Mr. Belafonte be eliminated. Not only has the Negro kept what he considers to be his place, he has proved himself a man of tremendous resource—the only one of them fully equipped for survival in the prevailing conditions. The story and the

somewhat naive philosophy it presents falter towards the end—but it is a well-made film and the impressive and chilling scenes of the deserted city are excellently photographed.

It came as something of a shock to me to learn, from *Assault In Broad Daylight*, that the Swiss, who sometimes seem rather a smug lot, relishing their own health and sanity, still have their quota of sex maniacs, child-murderers and other horrors. Indeed, according to one character, there are more children murdered than are killed in traffic accidents, which, unless the Swiss motorist is infinitely more careful than our own, is surely a very ugly thought.

In a small Swiss town, an old tramp (M. Michel Simon) is arrested for the murder of a little girl: he hangs himself, protesting his innocence to the last. A retiring police inspector, Herr Heinz Ruhmann, believes the poor old thing. There have been a series of child-murders, all very similar in nature, during the past few years. Herr Ruhmann, now out of the Force and with time on his hands, sets himself the task of catching the murderer: he believes he can do so by using "live bait" in the form of a little girl closely resembling the last victim.

This seems to me a reckless and reprehensible thing to do: there can be no excuse for exposing an innocent child to the advances of an unhinged murderer—particularly one as repellent as Herr Gert Froebe makes this terrifying character: I sat through the scenes between them with my heart in my mouth. I think you will, too.

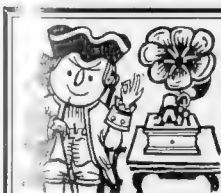
Advertising matter assured me that I would be convulsed by *Carry On Teacher*. I found I had been underestimated: I do not convulse that easily. All I experienced over this frankly vulgar brawl—involving staff and pupils at a slapstick-happy mixed school—was a slight touch

of nausea at the somehow slimy way in which the sex element is handled. Mr. Kenneth Connor gives an excellent performance as a nervous science master and Mr. Ted Ray is astonishingly touching as the perplexed headmaster.

Herr Ingmar Bergman's *Port Of Call* is not, if I may put it this way, a holiday resort. Its central characters are a girl and a sailor who meet at a dance-hall, pop straight home to bed and thus embark upon an affair that is fraught with gloom—the girl's allegedly delinquent past formidably threatening her future.



More action than Shaw ever dreamed of marks the screen version of *The Devil's Disciple*. The three principals (above, top to bottom) are Sir Laurence Olivier, Burt Lancaster, and Kirk Douglas in the title rôle



RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

Newport's exciting lucky dip

THIS YEAR'S NEWPORT FESTIVAL was a triumph of organization, but by no means all the acts I heard there made good jazz. One of the best was the curtain raiser, on the opening night, led by trumpeter Buck Clayton. He also leads what promises to be the most interesting and exciting group in the first autumnal package show to reach

our shores. With the high-flying title *Newport Jazz Festival*, it brings impresario George Wein and commentator Willis Conover, surely the best in the business, to England for the first time.

Clayton, a veteran Basie horn man, brings four other ex-Basie men with him, notably Dickie Wells, one of the most outstanding

trombonists in jazz, and Buddy Tate, whose work on tenor saxophone with Basie was a hallmark for ten years. In the same group is altoist Earl Warren, and trumpeter Emmett Berry, who also does not take a back seat.

This group can be heard to good advantage on their latest album *Songs For Swingers* (BBL7317). Jimmy Rushing, now a popular favourite with British audiences, will certainly add zest to the proceedings. His formidable album *With The Big Brass* (SBBL524), which heralds Phillips' entry into stereophonic sound, also features Clayton and his front-line men.

On the same bill from Newport comes Dave Brubeck with his persistent piano and quartet. I

hope they feature some of the fun they made there at the expense of a foot-tapping audience, when drummer Joe Morello broke loose on *New Material in New Temp.* Brubeck makes his second visit, as does trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie. His present quintet is a regular group, which should show him to better advantage than in his last package appearance here. Dizzy, once one of the deans of bop, has advanced a great deal in the past decade. He now plays less angular phrases, and occasionally clowns it on the stage in a way reminiscent of Louis Armstrong. I am no addict of package shows, but this promises to be the best offered so far. Their tour, which opens at the

continued overleaf

Records continued

Royal Festival Hall on Saturday, should be worth a visit.

Just how much good can come from festivals, in terms of bringing the right musicians together under exceptional circumstances, is well proved by the late Sidney Bechet's two appearances in Belgium last summer. **Concert A Bruxelles** (NPL28008) is uproarious at moments, with Clayton and Vic Dickenson inspiring the great Sidney to even better things. The aforementioned George Wein was pianist at this session. A similar group backed Bechet at Knokke and Cannes a few weeks previously, with equally good results (LAE12168).

One of two men who impressed me recently as real thinking musicians was Charlie Mingus, whose original material on **East Coasting** (PMC1092) proves that he is as adroit with his pen as his fingers are nimble on the strings of his bass. His approach is much closer to Monk's than one might at first think; his quintet boasts no big names, but they blow with the underlying confidence of expression which

only comes of experience. The other was Ray Bryant, whom I discovered as the mainstay of some very varied rhythm sections at Newport. His ability to converse, piano-wise, in any of the conventional jazz styles is remarkable, and he deserves more attention than he has received in the past from the record companies. His two EPs in the **Sounds Of Jazz** series (TFE17118/17143) show how precisely he thinks, how cleanly he plays, and still scarcely do justice to his work.

A much simpler form of piano music is dispensed, with trumpet and vocals thrown in, by Mose Allison on **Young Man Mose** (Esquire 32-083). His back-country influences have neither escaped him nor retarded him in his understanding of contemporary jazz. At the age of thirty-two, he can contribute more relaxed swing than a bandstand full of New York modernists. My only worry is whether his almost over-simplified style will hold the public's interest long enough to enable him to develop the full power of his improvisation.



BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

How Beckett stunned Blackpool

I AM A READY MARKET FOR theatrical autobiography, which at its best can often convey twice the excitement, wit, reality and plain interest-value than many an evening spent witnessing an average sort of play. You can also read a book through at a gulp, and there is none of that miserable business of being trodden underfoot in the bar in the interval.

Peter Bull's **I Know The Face But—** is an enchanting book about his life in the theatre, light-hearted, gossipy, modest, amazingly full of loving-kindness towards practically everyone and bitchiness towards none. It is strictly feet-on-the-mantelpiece writing, with no hint of My Struggle Towards Success or—that even horrid pitfall—the Tears and Laughter of Show Business.

Some books about the theatre can give one the feeling that no monk ever sheltered behind a higher, more impenetrable cloister than the actor in his dressing-room (so far, at least, as shutting out the world goes), and this frequently hardens one's suspicion that no actor is entirely real, once stripped of his make-up and toupee. The nice thing about Mr. Bull's book is that the impression of an entirely real, affectionate, gentle, life-loving man comes riotously bouncing through.

Anyone who wants to know exactly what it is like to gallop menacingly about on a horse in a film when you can't ride, or play *Waiting For Godot* to a stunned audience in Blackpool (all the Godot section is entrancing reading, especially as the cast grow progressively more depressed and ill and take to leaving each other little notes to avoid direct communication, and omitting all the pauses to speed things up in order to catch trains) must on no account miss this book. Mr. Bull likes, I suspect, to create an image of himself as a slightly bemused, alarmed innocent in the acting profession, meekly pushed around by luck and chance, enjoying friends and colossal meals and jolly japes in the dressing-rooms, with no nonsense about art and The Method. Inside there is a perfectly serious and painstaking artist who is allowed a peek out now and again.

This most unpompous and en-

dearing book is a splendid tonic for those who, like myself, are ever in danger of becoming disenchanted about the theatre, and I wish wholeheartedly to associate myself with Mr. Bull's rummest fan (a sex maniac from Cologne) who wrote "may I say you are delicious in your burliness." May I say, perhaps more soberly but no less sincerely, in his writing too.

From time to time there comes an autobiography so simple and yet magical, so enthralling, that I cannot understand why we all spend so much time reading fiction when the straightforward facts of an ordinary life can, by a good writer, be made so compelling. Not that James Kirkup was perhaps ever a quite ordinary boy, though the stuff out of which he made the magic of his first volume of autobiography, *The Only Child*, was everyday experience. So now, **Passions & Alarms** takes his life further, from the age of six to eighteen, and is a wholly delightful book, written in a simple yet haunting poet's prose, about his youth in South Shields. He can make counting games, or going to a toy shop, or tea for a treat in the front room, or losing a kitten, into things of importance and dazzling vividness. The book is full of love for his life and his home and parents, and is told in the gentlest of voices, yet without prettifying or colouring-up a realistic and down-to-earth native landscape.

Briefly... I recommend **Shadow Of Guilt** by Patrick Quentin. In spite of my present sad dissatisfaction with thrillers, mysteries, bloods and such, anything written by Mr. Quentin, that interesting double identity, is catnip to me. This is a hypnotic sad tale of blackmail, murder and uneasy high-toned marital discord in New York, very classily done...

Bryher's **Gate To The Sea** is an odd, cool-voiced and slightly dream-like short novel about Paestum in the fourth century B.C., illustrated with photographs of the ruins of today... and the fourth volume of the **Penguin Book Of French Verse**—the Twentieth Century—is just out, an admirable selection, with literal translations and biographic notes by Anthony Hartley; excellent value for 5s.



MEDITATING BUDDHA of Chugu-ji, at Nara, the work of a 7th-century craftsman, is from *Meeting with Japan*, by Fosco Maraini (Hutchinson 50s.). The book describes the changing and changeless face of Japan from geisha girls to dragon myth, ancient superstition to modern technology. Mr. Maraini, mountaineer and linguist, is one of the foremost Italian students of the Far East



Home is a Castle



This is the drawing-room of one of Britain's oldest inhabited castles, Duntrune Castle in Argyllshire. The home of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. George Malcolm of Poltalloch, it has lately been restored. Photographs by BRODRICK HALDANE



The Lady of Duntrune (left) sits at the window of her sitting-room, which overlooks Loch Crinan. Col. & Mrs. Malcolm were married in 1946

The Laird of Poltalloch (right), 18th of the line, was a career soldier in the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders until he retired eleven years ago



Home is a Castle

continued



Three generations of the Malcolm family (above): de Laszlo's painting of the 17th Laird, Sir Ian Zachary Malcolm, flanked by Lady Malcolm (daughter of Lily Langtry & mother of Col. Malcolm), with their grand-daughter and child in the middle

Castle entrance (left) is through a massive crenellated wall (with a parapet walk), leading into the courtyard. There is no other means of access to the building



Opposite: The Malcolms take some tibbils to their Arab yearlings on the hillside above Duntrune castle. They are noted breeders of pure-bred Arabs

Below: David, 4th Earl of Wemyss (1715-20), portrayed in the uniform of the Royal Company of Archers, to which Col. Malcolm also belongs



In a skilled restoration, recently completed, ancient Duntrune Castle has become one of the best-equipped and most conveniently adapted homes of its kind in the western Highlands. It was restored when Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Malcolm, who used to live in the mansion house of Poltalloch nearby, decided to make the castle their home. But it had been in the family's possession since the end of the 18th century, and the Malcolms' local roots go back much further. Duncan Campbell of Duntrune granted the lands of Poltalloch by charter to the Malcolms' ancestors in 1562. The castle, which has been continuously inhabited, stands on the crest of a rugged promontory overlooking Loch Crinan. Called "the castle of the turrets," it looks so much a part of the wild landscape that its ancient walls seem to be carved out of the rock on which it has so long been rooted. There are of course many legends about Duntrune. The ghost of a piper was said to play until



This steep stone spiral staircase (right) leads from the entrance. It is so narrow that most of the Malcolms' furniture had to be brought in through the windows



During the last century his bones were given Christian burial. He had been captured while his master, young Colkitto from Ireland, was preparing to lay siege to the castle in the cause of serving the great Montrose. When the piper saw how impregnable was Duntrune he warned his master by playing a lament, ostensibly to entertain the garrison. But his deception was understood when the galleys of the invaders were seen to be turning out to sea, and he was slain. The tune he played has since become known as "The Piper's warning to his master."

Col. Malcolm succeeded his father, the late Sir Ian Zachary Malcolm, as Laird of Poltalloch and chief of the clan in 1944. He is Vice-Lieutenant of Argyllshire, a farmer and horse-breeder, and an accomplished writer. By a former marriage he has a son and heir, Robin Neill Lochnell.

COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM BY NEIL PEPPE

PORTABLE TAPE-RECORDER, the Veritone Venus, has not one amplifier but two, one of which the makers call their record amplifier. This will play back sounds during a recording a fifth of a second after they are fed into it, creating so to speak an echo. Thus mistakes can be discovered, and by the use of a "three-head system" immediately erased. The three-head system also makes it possible to listen to an existing sound-track while superimposing a second—almost like having two tape-recorders for the price of one (58 gns.). From Teletape's up-to-the-minute shop at 59a Edgware Road, W.2.



SHAMPOOMASTER by BEX-BISSELL for cleaning carpets is new to Britain, although used and approved by American housewives. Eliminating wearisome cleaning, scrubbing and rinsing, the *Shampoo-master* (made of light plastic) is hand-operated, non-electric, and resembles a vacuum cleaner. When filled with shampoo and mixed with water, it is pushed over the carpet, the shampoo allowed to dry, and then, without rinsing, finished with a vacuum cleaner or sweeper. Price: 67s. 6d. From leading London departmental stores. The Bex-Bissell Upholstery Shampoo Kit is smaller in size. A chrome-plated metal neck-piece has the appliance brush and sponge on one end and screws into the polythene bottle at the other. The bottle is squeezed to get the dry foam to the brush and also acts as the handle. Price complete 19s. 11d.



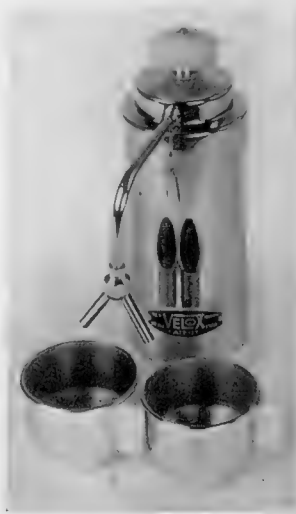
TRAVEL IRON made by Falks is called the Globe Trotter. It has four different adaptors and can be used in every country in the world. These "push-on" adaptors are attached to the iron's five-amp plug, making it ready for immediate use. The iron has a folding handle and is made in chrome-plated aluminium. With its adaptors, it is packed in a flat presentation box. Price £3 5s. 6d. from Marshall & Snelgrove's new electrical department. A 12 months' guarantee is included.



KITCHEN GADGETS at Heal's Tottenham Court Road come from various parts of Europe. Press fork, from Italy, is in stainless steel. It has a press-down movement on the upper part of the handle which flips off meat or spears it neatly out of a pan, price 13s. 9d. Saw-edge rapid slicer comes from Germany—the thickness of the slices is determined by the screw at one end, price 29s. 3d. From Denmark comes the well-designed carving knife and fork in stainless steel and wood, price 24s., and the new Spong mincer is made in England. It has suction grips on its base so needs no screwing onto (and damaging) tables. The mincer is of cast iron with a gay enamelled base and costs £1 17

NEW DEVELOPMENTS in polythene are now available in The Army & Navy Stores' Hardware department. One of them is a dustbin, undentable of course, which has a lid which locks into the bin to keep out cats and flies. In red or green with black lids, price 57s. 6d. Another useful polythene article is the *Feathawash*. Mainly for washing "smalls," it takes up little space and is neat and compact. It is hand-worked by centre plunger, and while washing, the lid is secured fast by grips. The hole in the lid is plugged, but unplugs for tipping out dirty water or refilling for rinsing. Price 59s. In the electrical department there is a display of *Romix* products. Their shredder has recently been improved and now, as well as shredding, ejects the results through a spout. Other attachments are the blender and juicer. Prices: main motor base, £13 11s. 6d. Attachments: £4 18s. 6d. each.

ESPRESSO MACHINE by VELOX is part of a travelling set from the Algerian Coffee Stores, 52 Old Compton Street, Soho, W.1. The set consists of the machine, two cups, separate coffee and sugar containers and spoons. They are packed in a leather zip-up case and cost £11. A small size (with fewer pieces) costs £7 15s. The Coffee Stores sell coffee grinders, and of course, fresh coffee. They have a large mail service which operates all over the world.





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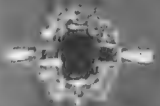
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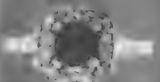
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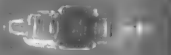
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Hairstyles by Alexis of Antoine.
 Right: A French design with the contrast of shells at hair and ears with elevated wings at the back. Centre: Elegance and precision in a style with backward and forward movement. Both can be adapted to suit the wearer. Far right: A carefree shape or the young



BEAUTY

Autumn cures for summer sun

by JEAN CLELAND

HOT SUMMER SUN HAS FAR-REACHING effects on skin and hair. Both dry and oily skins suffer from exposure to heat, and time spent now on reconditioning will repay beauty dividends when winter comes.

Dry skin responds to treatment with a special *Dry Skin Cleanser*. Charles of the Ritz has a good one that not only cleanses deep, but soothes and softens the skin. Follow the cleansing with a few minutes massage with a nourishing skin food. For this purpose you need a specially rich one to replace the oils that have been dried out by the sun. One I would suggest is Elizabeth Arden's *Crème Extraordinaire*. Before applying the

foundation, pat in one of the moisture preparations. There are a number of excellent makes available for the purpose of moisturizing a skin that has been dehydrated by the sun.

Excessive dryness is sometimes caused by acidity which is not improved by the sun. One of the best things for correcting it is an *Anti-Acid Soothing Cream* made by Maria Hornes. Massage a little of this in every night, and remove the surplus with paper tissues.

Oily skins should be cleansed with soap and water (Yardley make an excellent soap for this purpose), or with Charles of the Ritz special *Oily Skin Cleanser*. If the pores are

very open, use Helena Rubinstein's *Beauty Washing Grains*. On particularly oily areas, press Rubinstein's *Refining Lotion* well into the skin, and use her special *Pore Mask* twice weekly.

Not only the face but the body often feels dry after the summer. This can be counteracted by using one of the lovely bath oils that are now on the market. These not only scent the water, but soften the skin at the same time. There is also a new cream made by Guerlain, specially created for use on the body to nourish the skin, and give it a satiny finish. It is called *Crème Hydratante*, is brand new, and will be in the shops in October.

Nothing in the appearance ages more quickly than the neck, especially if it is allowed to become dry and crepey. Yet this is often neglected even by those who take infinite care with their complexions. An excellent treatment for restoring and rejuvenating it is a neck and throat cream by Lancôme called *Sculpturale*. This cream is rich in active products including vitamin D, and has a vitalizing effect on the tissues. *Sculpturale* should be massaged into the neck three or four times a week on going to bed, and left on all night. If the treatment is continued for some time there is an obvious improvement, even when the neck has been neglected.

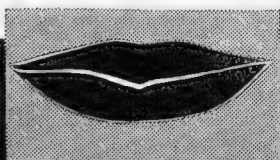
Hair often suffers from brittleness and dryness after the summer, making it dull and difficult to set. The quickest way of restoring it is to have a course of reconditioning treatments. These can be had at most of the leading hairdressing salons, by means of heat and special oils, so that nourishment that has been dried out is coaxed back into the scalp.

An effective treatment for giving gloss and sheen to the hair, can be had at Antoine's Dover Street salon in London. Those who live out-of-town and only come to London on rare occasions, can do it at home, by following the recipe kindly given to me by Alexis of Antoine. It may seem a little extravagant but for something special, it is really worth while.

Break four eggs into a basin, lightly beat them, and then stir in one ounce of rum. Pour this over the head after shampooing, and leave on for about ten minutes. Finish by rinsing off with tepid water. The rinsing must be thorough, and it is important that the water should be only lukewarm. If it is too hot, Alexis told me, you may find yourself with an orange-blonde on your head. He also said that this is not only a health-giving treatment, but a truly beautifying one. It conditions and revitalizes the scalp, and leaves a sheen over the hair.

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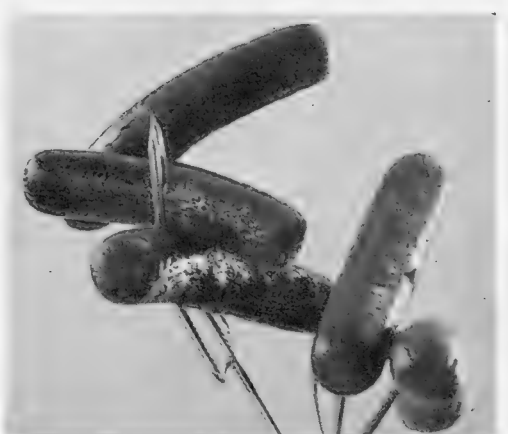
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DINING OUT

continued from page 210

Here are some places I enjoy, especially when there is an "R" in the month. I am told you can eat oysters all the year round, but for me this destroys all anticipation.

Bentley's, Swallow Street, W.1.

REG 0431. C.S. Bill Bentley and his two brothers have specialized in oysters and sea foods for most of their lives, as their father did before them. Popular rendezvous for oyster swallowers in London.

Cunningham's, 51 Curzon Street, W.1. GRO 3141. C.S. Top quality, attractive oyster and sea food bar, with Capt. Cunningham in command.

Emberson's Sherry Bar, Shepherd Street, Mayfair, W.1. GRO 1906. C.S. Buys only the finest oysters available and offers a range of quality wines by the glass.

Prunier's, St. James's Street, S.W.1. HYD 1371. C.S. Directed in person by Madame Prunier, a name world-famous for "everything that comes from the sea." They open the oysters the French way, leaving them attached to the shell.

Scott's, 18 Coventry Street, W.1. GER 7175. O.S. In the heart of Piccadilly, reputed to be the oldest sea food house in London.

The Ivy, West Street, W.C.2. TEM 4751. C.S. Fashionable restaurant where you are likely to recognize some of the stars of stage and screen.

Wheeler's, 19 Old Compton Street, W.1. GER 2706. C.S. One of London's best known haunts for oyster lovers. Also dozens of ways of preparing soles, lobsters, etc.

Wilton's, 34 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1. C.S. Wm 8391. Old-established, small, dignified and charming; superb oysters and some of the best smoked salmon in London.

OUT OF TOWN

Cambridge Room, Duke of Cambridge, Kingston By-pass, Surrey. MAL 0479. This new, cool, spacious restaurant is an oasis at a large crossroads. Waiters wear white jackets and black ties; the *maitre chef*, John Cellini, sees that the food is all that it should be; and *maitre d'hôtel* Leslie Cornish makes sure it is properly served.

The Old Bell, Oxted, Surrey. Oxted 218111. Leslie and Vera Warren, who used to run The Falstaff in Fleet Street, are now at the Old Bell, owned for many years by Vera's famous father, M. Conti (once "Conti of the Café de Paris").

Jennett's Country Club, Dorking Road, Tadworth, Surrey. Burgh Heath 3201. First-class food, fine wines and a gay welcome from owner Leslie Hargreaves.

The Dormy Hotel, Ferndown, Dorset. Ferndown 775. Over-looking eight acres of beautiful grounds extending to the edge of one of the country's finest golf courses. Six chefs and a permanent staff of 70 maintain a high standard of cuisine.

MOTORING

Look,
no hands!

by GORDON WILKINS

THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS HAVE seen two of the biggest flops in motoring history: pneumatic suspension in the U.S. and automatic clutches in Britain. In each case, manufacturers tumbled over each other to offer a new feature, and invested large sums in it—but the public were not interested.

Following the success of the DS.19 Citroën in Europe, American manufacturers went rushing after self-levelling pneumatic suspension as the latest sales gimmick. But it hit the market just at the time when many American motorists had come to the conclusion that the American car was already too big, too complicated and too costly to run; they wanted no new gadget that held the promise of trouble and expensive service bills. They would make do with old-fashioned springs, which give a very good ride on American cars on American roads, and the air-cushion market soon went flat.

Two years ago British manufacturers rushed to fit automatic clutches. Today not one of them offers such a thing. Yet Mercedes, who do rather an elaborate one combined with a fluid coupling, claim that one in five of their cars are ordered with it. Why did we fail? For one thing, our people put the cart before the horse—or the clutch before the gearbox. With an automatic clutch the driver depends entirely on the synchromesh to ensure smooth meshing of the gears, and many of our synchro units were not up to the job. Moreover, most of our boxes have no synchromesh on bottom gear. The need to change down into bottom on a steep hill with a full load terrorizes most novices, yet the automatic clutch made it more difficult than ever. Finally, those that did most of the driver's thinking for him easily got out of adjustment and needed skilled attention. When the word got around, second-hand cars with



Next year's Hillman Minx has a full automatic gearchange as an optional extra. Other features: more power, bigger brakes, better vision because of slimmer screen pillars, more comfortable seats, new styling

auto clutches became difficult to sell. Some dealers even spent money removing the clutches, because they got a higher price without them.

Realization that the auto clutch had misfired intensified the race to be first with a full automatic transmission for light cars. Now, 20 years after Oldsmobile introduced the famous Hydra-Matic comes the answer, and Smiths have won. Their system, called Easidrive, is now available on the 1960 Hillman Minx and Singer Gazelle as an optional extra. No half measures here. No clutch pedal, just a selector on the steering column which you set to D for Drive, or 2, if you want to hold second gear for downhill braking or for quick cornering on mountain roads. Take-off is utterly smooth even on steep hills and you can hold the car momentarily on a hill simply by pressing the accelerator. There is no slip, and none of the power losses inherent in fluid torque-converters, so fuel consumption is unimpaired.

The Smith system uses normal gears and two magnetic clutches filled with powder which "freezes" when an electric current is passed through it and so transmits the drive. These couplings cannot snatch or judder like an ordinary clutch, and a governor plus an electric brain-box make the gear changes smoothly at the right time according to car speed and accelerator position. There are three speeds as against four on most small cars, but the device makes better use of its gears than the average driver. I have driven many hundreds of miles on experimental cars fitted with the new drive and even at the end of a long frustrating day creeping about in the traffic jams of London and the home counties, I find I finish reasonably tranquil and much less tired than with a manual shift. Acceleration from a stand-

still to 30 m.p.h. is up to a second slower than the best that can be got with a conventional transmission if the driver makes a true racing start, but the results are better than most people achieve, and there are no shock loads on the transmission. I checked both a Hillman Minx and a Wolseley 15/60 fitted with the Smith transmission against similar cars with normal gearboxes. Acceleration and fuel consumption were the same to within fractions of a second. Smiths did a "before and after" test on a Ford Consul of their own fleet which showed virtually identical results with automatic drive and the normal gearbox.

Are there any snags? Does the car tend to creep forward like cars with fluid torque-converters when the choke is in use? No. An electric resistance in the choke control prevents it.

I thought I'd found a snag when the starter stuck on one of the experimental cars. But there's an emergency switch which allows the clutch to take current from the car's battery and so the normal cure of rocking the car with the engine in gear is possible. Another emergency plug allows gears to be changed manually should the brain-box give trouble. Service mechanics at home and abroad have already been trained in swift exchange of control units.

After a little experience the driver can regulate gear changes exactly as he wishes by use of the accelerator pedal, releasing it momentarily for an upward change, kicking down for a change down. And the changes are always smooth. It is something that looks as if it can safely be put in the hands of U.S. drivers who have handled nothing but automatic drives and it is a real help on our crowded roads. The big question is, will you pay £124 13s. 4d. for it, including tax? Rootes and Smiths have invested heavily in the belief that you will.

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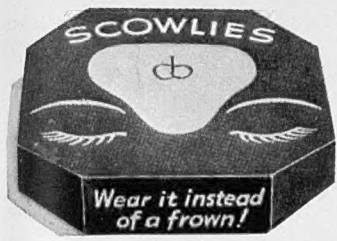


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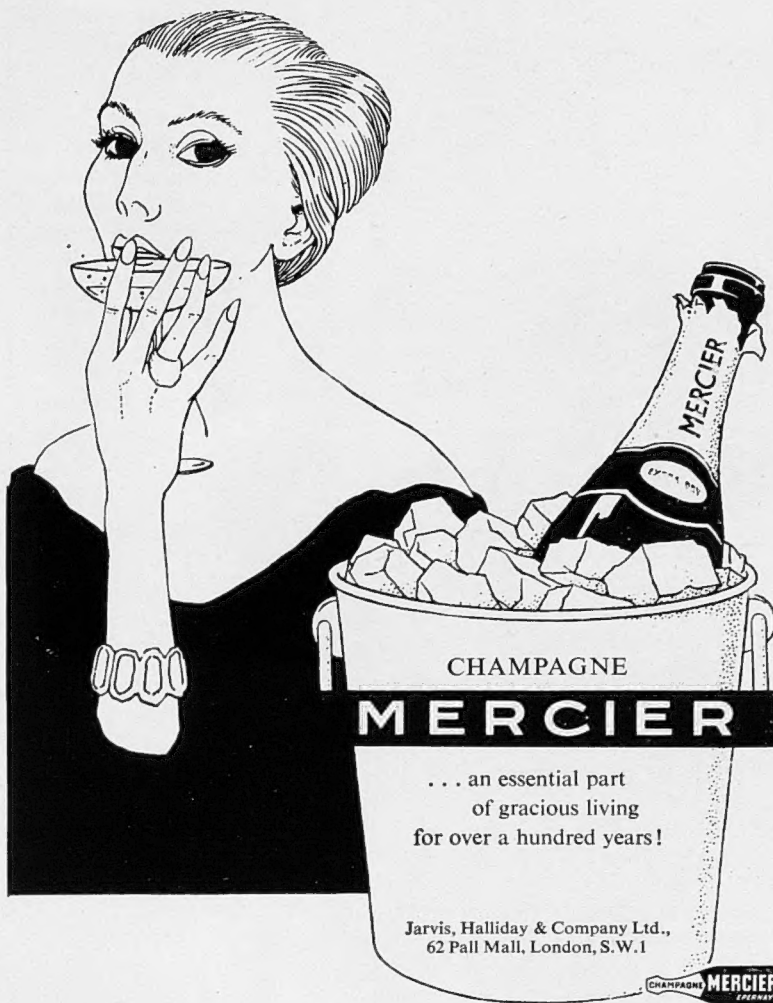
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DINING IN

Meet the head cheese

by HELEN BURKE

BRAWN, THE HEAD CHEESE OF America and the Potted Head of Scotland, belongs to our own old English cookery. Let's settle for brawn.

Ask for a small pig's head or, failing that, half a large one (there will be more fat on the latter and it may be a little wasteful). The butcher will cut the whole head through for you. It can be either pickled or fresh. If pickled, it must be soaked in several changes of fresh cold water for a period which the butcher himself will advise. No salt need be added during the cooking. If a fresh head is used, salt must be added accordingly. A pickled head will give a nice pinky shade for the tongue and a more attractive appearance to the finished brawn.

Wash the head well, remove any hair and scrape and clean out any difficult-to-get-at places. Put it into a large enough pot with a

bouquet garni, a chopped large onion, including the yellow skin (to colour the final jelly a little); $\frac{1}{2}$ -teaspoon crushed bits of nutmeg or mace and 8-10 crushed peppercorns. Add cold water to cover, bring to the boil and skim, then put on the lid and simmer the head very gently until the meat will fall from the bones.

Skin the tongue and cut into slices. Cut the ears into strips and chop the remainder of the meat. Simmer the strained stock to reduce it so that it will set in a firm jelly when cold. It is a good idea to test a tablespoon of the stock on a saucer in the refrigerator to see if it will jell.

When the stock has been sufficiently reduced, add all the meat and bring to the boil. Remove, leave to stand for half an hour, then pour it into a mould or moulds. Leave to set, then turn out and serve when required.

Some people cook $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 lb. leg beef with the pig's head. This is then a mixed meat brawn and very good it is.

From *Farmhouse Fare* (Hulton Press), there is a much more exciting recipe for a brawn in which a chicken is included. Incidentally, since 1935, I have been recommending this collection of recipes. Originally, the book was sold at 1s. Now it is 5s., but it is double its former size. This works out at five pages of well-tested sound English farmhouse recipes for 1d., excellent value.

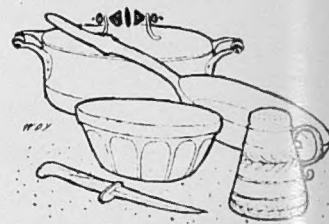
Take half a pig's head, which has been salted for 3 or 4 days. Soak for 1 or 2 hours in water and wash all the salt off. Cook gently in just enough water to cover, with a few peppercorns added, until the meat can be slipped easily from the bones. Remove the rough skin (the fine skin may be left on, particularly if it is a young pig), and skin the tongue.

At the same time, but in a separate receptacle, cook an old fowl—no matter how old—in water to which has been added 1 medium-sized onion, 1 or 2 sprays of parsley, 1 small teaspoon of salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ -teaspoon of pepper and the giblets. Boil gently until the bird is thoroughly tender and while still warm, cut up the meat in neat slices, removing

all the bones, and using the breast meat to place in the bottom and sides of the moulds or pie-dishes.

Place a layer of pig meat next and alternate with fowl until all the meat is used up; seasoning with pepper to taste between the rows. This quantity fills 2 large pie-dishes or 3 moulds. Mix the 2 liquids the meats have been cooked in, and strain it—this will make a clear jelly. Fill up the dishes with it and leave in a cool place to set.

The secret of the goodness of this dish, and the attractive appearance, lies in the very slow cooking (so that the meat has no trace of raggedness), and in the separate cooking of the meats to retain the distinct red and white flesh.



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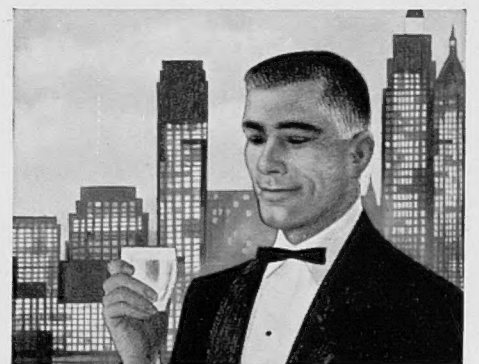
Did you know, for example? . . .



that when it was first minted 130 years ago, this George IV threepenny piece would have paid the whole tax on a bottle of Mr. Ballantine's Whisky. There have been some changes since then! The superlative quality of Ballantine's, however, remains unaltered.



that the 42 mature "single" whiskies which go to make Ballantine's are tested always by smell. To taste them is unnecessary, and would not in fact be specially enjoyable, for it is the subtle blending of so many chosen "singles" which creates the magic of the superb Scotch.



that Ballantine's is one of the best liked Scotches in the world. In the United States, Sweden, France and many other countries, it is a top seller. The world over, when friends meet together, they naturally prefer the superb Scotch.

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